

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 109.

The Principles of Nature.

THE CHRISTIAN PULPIT

CONSIDERED IN ITS RELATION TO THE PRESENT AGE.*

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

I ask your attention this morning to a discourse on the Christian Pulpit, considered in its relation to the Present Age. Every mind, versed either in history or philosophy, is forced to admit religion as the eternal necessity of man. Real as love, durable as life, inevitable as fate, religion makes the soul of man its throne and the earth its footstool.

There is a durable presence and operation of God in the world. There are two theories of creation—the mechanical and the vital. The mechanical theory considers that the world is like a watch which God once made, wound up, adjusted, and then left to the operation of its mechanical forces. The vital theory is based upon the ideas of Divine Infinity, Omnipresence, Omnipotence. This theory commends itself to every intuitive mind. It is rational, Biblical, at once in unison with the intuitions of the clearest intellect and the emotions of the most deeply loving heart.

Now, whether we accept the mechanical or the vital system, we are forced to accept religion as a universal fact. God is everywhere—hence everywhere there is religion. The highest intellects but express the universal sentiment of the race when they sum up all knowledge in the knowledge of the Infinite.

There are three universal tendencies among men—a tendency of the mind to know God—a tendency of the moral nature to possess God—a tendency of the affections to obey God. The most slavish superstition is the perversion of the three noblest affections of the worshipping spirit. The superstition is a mistake; the affection that led to it divine in its cause, eternal in its duration. As the fruit-bearing trees of the garden by degrees become wild when neglected, and cease to bring forth perfect fruit, and at last produce abortive or monstrous births, so the religious sentiment of man, left without its appropriate training and nurture, brings forth a crop of superstitions and of chimeras. The tree that produces the goodly peach uncultured produces a noxious embryo. The man who, cultured, unfolds the most beneficent religious affections, uncultured becomes the parent of superstitions. The religious instinct is the same in the Shaker, the Mussulman, and the Christian parent. But three opposite modes of religious culture drive the one to stern asceticism, another to concubinage; the third alone possesses the true heaven—home!

We are compelled, then, to admit, first—the necessity for religion; second—the excellence of the primitive affections that express themselves in religion; and thirdly—that those tendencies will incarnate themselves in forms according to culture—good or evil forms, according to the culture of the religious sentiment. Upon this basis, therefore, we take our stand, arguing from the necessity of religious culture for the necessity of religious instructors, exemplars, priests of the eternal beauty, the eternal wisdom, the eternal love.

On looking abroad into society we find a sacerdotal class permanently established among men. It always has been. It always will be. If it disappears in one form it reappears in another. It does not depend on any given form of religion, but on the fact itself. It is as impossible to destroy the hierophant, the priest, the seer, as it is to destroy the poet, the artist, the legislator, or the mechanical inventor. Nay, persecution, want, peril, the elements most hostile to the development of other classes of mind, are favorable to the development of this class. It requires night to bring out the stars of humanity. They always shine, but their glory becomes fully visible only as it is needed most. Do not mistake me. I plead not the cause of any external institution. I argue not in behalf of creed or ritual, nor against them. I only assert a universal fact, a permanent fact, not dependent upon any ecclesiastical system, but rather before all, independent of all, and at times against all.

There are men, there always have been, there always will be, who see all things in God, who perceive from a divine rather than from a human stand-point, to whom the universe appears bathed in a divine afflatus. Their very cradle is rocked by the winds of inspiration. They are born seers. Their mission is to stir the world with words from out the infinite depths of being. They are the vehicles and mouth-pieces of a superior life. They see all action from the stand-point of duty. To them time is the seed-field of eternity. To the material man belongs the empire of the apparent. The monarch has his court; the courtier has his trappings; the man of trade his gainful speculations; but these possess the past as it was, the present as it is, and the future as it is to be. They dwell not in time and space—their thoughts penetrate the realities of things. Their mission is to the heart of humanity. They sit not in the eye, but in the secret conscience of the world.

I delineate no faultless monsters. The Harmonic Man is in heaven. His full and universal expression is yet to come.

* Delivered before the New York Spiritualists, Sunday, May 21st, 1854.

This class of men share the universal imperfection. But relatively they are what I describe. Such were Fenelon, Pascal, and a Kempis among Catholics, such Channing in the Unitarian sect. My mission is not to glorify the living, else could I name those yet with us in the external world who sit apart from men in holy communion, and yet of all men dwell nearest and most in sympathy with the universal heart. But I forbear.

A True Pulpit is the home of these men. Their home do I say? Their home is heaven. But rather their place of appearance. The shrine where they visibly worship. Yes, visibly worship. It is a great thing to see a man rapt away in lofty meditations; a great thing to see Burns at his plow, while his mind communes with the spirit of poetry in his home afar; a great thing to see Raffaele at his easel, working on unconsciousness of our presence, while we watch divine lineaments as by magic shaping themselves in heavenly form and hue beneath his skillful pencil; a great thing to see a master intellect, in the presence of a gathered multitude, all listening together as the ear of one man, while thought after thought in visible splendor issues from the open temple of his ideas, and he unconscious all the while, save of that splendid process of emanation. All this is great. But is it not, at least, equally great to see devotion realized? Nothing on earth is so like the death of the sanctified—the translation of the spirit to its home. Nothing on earth is more mean than a prayer offered to a congregation. But who shall ascribe meanness to a prayer offered to God, when evidently the seer is entranced, rapt away in beautiful vision, freed from the body, and communing with angels, in the vision of the great white throne, and with those who sweep their harps upon the sea of glass mingled with fire. Tell me not there is not a grand reality in that. The test of the reality is the uplifting power.

But while such men are by virtue of their interior devotional fitness ministers at a visible altar, they are mediums for divine worship. There is a sphere of prayer that fills the heavens, a boundless element of adoration. In it the angels dwell. The Infinite Spirit dwells not in inaccessible solitude. He delights to be loved, to be known—as far as man can know the Infinite. He outbreathes that desire upon the heavenly hosts. He baptizes them with an outgoing emanation. It rolls above them. He fills their splendid empire with glory from his own presence—the light of the celestial sun. Heaven breaks forth into harmony. All angels, as one soul inspired with boundless adoration, uplift their voice. It flows from heaven to heaven. The universe becomes an orb of universal worship. The heart of all humanities beats with love, as if it were a fledgeling dove that nestled against the heart of God. This is prayer. That influence of prayer falls upon worshipping Spirits here—upon mediums for worship. As the love and wisdom of angels flow down, so also the worship of angels—the sphere of worship—a visible emanation—visible to them—a garment of praise and love—flows down. So men, in public, pray—truly pray. It is as real as any other variety of interior experience. Often the Spirit-sight opens, the Spirit-ear is touched, and the prayer is the external translation of the worship of angelic hosts, and this is one form in which heavenly harmony flows down to man.

We may repeat prayer—public prayer—by enactments, but Heaven will pray—the tide of adoration thrill the soul. Hearts beating in human bosoms will catch the lofty inspiration, and like the beams of morning, the flood of articulate human emotion ascending to God, go throbbing forever around the world.

Again. The Pulpit is the place for the utterance of universal spiritual truth. A permanent class of men always will cause a permanent institution. The hierophant, or seer, is by vocation a revelator. He sees. To him nature is not opaque, but translucent. He translates the wisdom, the beautiful wisdom of God, into those forms of expression best adapted to his day. Such men must speak. If under graceful circumstances like the present, well; if in forests or in obscure abodes, be it so. They must still utter the inspirations that descend upon them. Every man has his speciality, his gift. There are those, like Emerson, who sift the sands of universal literature for golden grains of wisdom. There are those, like Whittier and Longfellow, who translate the immortal longings and aspirations of men after love and liberty and heaven into rhythmic numbers. There are others who sit in lonely observatories and watch the patient stars and strive to discover the choral secret hid in the silence of that solemn shining fold. But there are others who belong not to that form of meditation that sits apart and entrusts its discoveries to the printed page. They think best in public. They are golden trumpets blown by inspired, immortal breath. The inspirations of Heaven flow best when hearts need rousing with mighty sentences of truth. With these God animates and shakes the nations. This is the permanent ministry of Christendom. Their power comes upon them. They are themselves but harps upon the great four winds of heaven play upon. They are messengers of life. The Pulpit has its men of research. These are its geologists. They explore the fossil strata of the old world. They tell us of what was. It has its men of external observation—its practical men. They tell us of the external form of things. They fulfill uses.

They are often patient, laborious, most worthy men. It has also its moralists—men eloquent upon the topics of individual duty; its antiquaries, zealous that not one jot or tittle of the law should fail of due respect. It has also a noble class of men, reformers, fearfully, at times sublimely, eloquent—voices that remind us of one crying in a wilderness.

This is well. But a still higher class must come. History, law, morals, antiquity, reform, all have their seats in the Pulpit. But if it belong to them, how much more does it belong to the seer, the man who is himself but the mental and moral instrument capable of being moved upon by Heaven, by the general sphere of truth therein.

I argue, then, for the Pulpit as the theater where the man of interior illumination shall be placed as a medium for utterance of the highest inspirations of truth which he is capable of receiving. I argue it, first, upon the ground of Scripture. The primitive disciples of our Lord took no thought of what they should say, for in the self-same hour it was given them. In freshness, in eloquence, in burning force, in fearless honesty of thought, sentiment, and language, such speakers are not a whit behind the very chiefest of the apostles of an external system. Why not revive it?

It may be objected that such ministrations would be dangerous. To this I answer, if the medium be morally a good man, mentally a balanced man, interiorly a developed man, unfolded in the realms of intellect and will, superior forms of truth, truths coming with effect, must be uttered. All other forms of ministrations in the nature of things must go down before it. Truth, uttered from external research, from memory, from habit, from custom, is but the baptism of water. The ministrations of the Spirit is glorious above it. It is the baptism of fire and of the Holy Ghost. Every man is free in God. The Divine Spirit emancipates man from bondage. There is a spiritual form, mind, will—the real man—in every natural human organization. I would have man speak, as a medium, with all his interior faculties opened and exalted above death, above decay, above external or traditional notions, above the sensual state and its sensuously-intellectual processes. I would have man speak in public from this condition. Such wisdom, such worth, such sweetness, such beauty will flow forth from morally exalted human Spirits speaking in these conditions, as shall make us feel that heaven has opened. The soul and the world shall thus renew its golden age.

It may be said by the believer in the sacredness of the Scriptures, that we must teach only the interpretations of these Scriptures. To this I answer, the Bible contains the things of God. These things are foolishness to the mere corporeal or natural man. Open the spiritual degree of the mind. Let our religious teachers speak from this degree and they will speak, not in words that man's wisdom teacheth, but in words that the Divine Spirit teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. Oh! it is folly, the height of folly, to admit the Bible to be the depository of interior and heavenly inspirations, and then to say that the man who interprets it must be in an external, corporeal condition to communicate its holy wisdom.

But I also argue for the spiritual seer as a legitimate teacher of religion upon grounds of reason. It is admitted that the external world is the world of effects, and the spiritual the world of causes. It is admitted that in the interior world all forms of truth originate. It is admitted that a certain interior elevation of spirit in man is the prerequisite of all truly grand, original utterance. Now upon this ground I maintain that the Pulpit is the legitimate theater of the truly spiritual man. Who knoweth the things of the Spirit but the Spirit that is in man? Unloose the soul, unfetter its prisoned faculties. Say to the intellect, Expand thyself amid the things of the eternal world. Give to the mind, not alone the natural, but the spiritual universe, and then when its faculties have become accustomed to that vast field of action, when it has learned the rudiments of its enlarged existence, bid it speak. Let the world, hungering and thirsting after the ideal life, derive wisdom from such enlarged experiences.

It is objected that mediums differ—that they contradict themselves. Alas! do not theologians of the external sort, and philosophers of the external sort, differ and contradict themselves? All we can reasonably ask—all that we are at present in a condition to receive, is relative Truth. Language is imperfect as a medium of communication. Spirits themselves differ—societies of even elevated Spirits—lovers of God and man, differ. The faith of the child must be inferior to the faith of the man. The faith of the Spirit who with pure aspirations has just entered the world of Spirits, must be inferior to the faith of the cultured and transfigured angel. One star differeth from another star in glory. All our views are liable to modification. The empire of knowledge ever widening makes our theories of last year, or last cycle, look but as fenced fields in the midst of vast and smiling continents. Progress, Eternal Progress is the destiny of every truly virtuous and inquiring spirit. We die to the lesser and are born into the greater knowledge. Calvinism gives way to Liberalism—this to Spiritualism, and we who occupy the stand-point of the Spiritualist are but threading the coasts of the empire of eternal knowledge.

But there is an argument still more grave than any to which I have hitherto alluded against the use of those interiorly illumined as teachers of religion. It is said that persons in the interior condition are hostile to Christian Revelation, and I am pointed to the gentleman who will occupy this desk next Sabbath as a case in point. To this I answer: It is conceding, what I for one dare not admit, to grant that the influxes that flow through a spiritual Seer are necessarily hostile to Revelation. All of the prophets were interior and illumined men. Through them came, not any sort of denial of Religion, but the very Revelations that confirm Religion. All of the apostles were interior and illumined men, and we are indebted to them for Christianity itself in its documentary and historical form. Like seeks like. If there is a sublime Christianity in heaven, it must flow down to man. If Christ is believed in in heaven, it must be taught to man. I can conceive of no form of Christian ministry more grand than a ministry of Christ-like men in sympathy with humanity and in rapport with the skies. This or that medium may be influenced by the peculiarities of his organization, by the tendencies of his intellect, by his associations in the body, and by his impressions from the spiritual sphere, to take ground against any Revelation in the past, or against all Revelations. This I do not deny, but I maintain that if our Religion be true, our strongest allies are in the world beyond the grave.

The real danger lies in another quarter, namely, in admitting the claims of Spirits, because of their alleged faith in Christianity, to become our spiritual rulers. We have a habit at the present time of believing in Christianity upon the ground of authority, instead of believing upon an intellectual and moral conviction freely formed from an independent examination of the case. I hold, for one, and this is my own opinion formed after a thorough consideration of the entire ground, that there is no standard of authority above the inner light, which shines clear in every man, as his intellect and heart are made transparent by a life of pure self-sacrifice. Christianity needs not the sanction of authority. It courts investigation. It sits in the sun, and says to all men, Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. The only safety consists in the exercise of Reason in all matters of belief. If an angel, clothed in the very glory of high heaven were to appear to me, I could not admit him to be my ruler to the giving up of manhood. Two Revelations, if from the same source, and adapted to the same degree of life, can not be in diametrical hostility one to the other. There is a Revelation written by the burning finger of Deity in every spirit. It is incorporated in every instinct of our manhood, in every pulse of conscience, in the very muscle and fiber of the moral will. It is, "Be Free." I give up my judgment to no man, to no Spirit. As a medium, as one who stands between two distinct degrees of being, I may utter statements which are hostile to my own opinion. But I can not receive them, as true to myself, unless I am free to accept or reject according to their intrinsic excellence. I am far, as far as any man can be, from believing in spiritual statements because made from the Spirit-world through my own organization. Much I receive, much I neither affirm nor deny for lack of evidence on which to base an opinion. Some things I know are incorrect. I think that all mediums who are free, and experienced, will make the same admission. At one stage of my development as a medium, I was taught that it was my duty to believe all communications given from a certain class of Spirits. In the course of the expansion of my interior faculties, I was led to see that this position was untenable. I believe that mediums are all liable to be mistaken, at least without most ample experience as to the precise value of their impressions. In admitting, therefore, a ministry of the spirit, we must see that it is kept free from a dogmatic element, free from absolutism. It may be objected that we are to try the Spirits, and believe all those that teach that Christ has come in the flesh. To this I reply: This passage in St. John has no certainty as a test. I believed it in my early experience as a medium, acted on it, and from my own experience rejected it. However valued it may have been in the period for which it was written, it is useless now. I prefer to try Spirits by their works. We can not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. Not they that say, "Lord, Lord," inherit the upper kingdom, but they that know the will of the Father, and do it. I look for infallibility nowhere under the sun. Not even the angels are infallible. As the wisest of Seers, the Seer of Stockholm tells us, angels at one time are in comparative darkness, and again in light. There is an exterior and an interior condition among the angels of God, and an angel may utter a sublime truth in his superior condition, and in his inferior may not be able to receive it. There always must be three circles around us. First and nearest, a positive circle—things we know. Second, beyond this, a wider, comparative circle—things we believe—things we are investigating, proving, and receiving. Beyond this is a third and grander circle—to us negative—the wide realm of the undiscovered—the unknown. The circle of the known is to the circle of the unknown as man to God—the finite to the Infinite. The man whose intellect actually enlarges in harmony with a corresponding growth of the moral will sees his positive circle of things known

widening forever. Faithful in a few things, he is made ruler over many.

I think that in this position I take impregnable ground—Christian ground. I say Christian ground, because I can take no other than Christian ground. In faith I am a Christian, a believer in Christ as the very likeness of the invisible God, the manifestation of the Divine in the human—the Immanuel—God with us. As such I claim my right to the pulpit. I will not concede that I am less a minister of Christ because I accept the fact and rejoice in the providence of Spiritual Manifestations. If in becoming a Spiritualist I denied the authenticity of our Saviour's mission, if I rejected him as my Lord and my Redeemer, then I would not for a moment claim to be considered as a member of the Christian fold. But because I am a Christian, and from the stand-point of enlightened spiritual faith, I must speak, I must utter the thoughts that burn within me; if not in the pulpit as recognized by external men, then in my own hired room, in the woods, or wherever two or three are gathered together. Nay, let the earth be my temple, for it to me is holy ground; and let all time be my Sabbath, for all time is arched over by the dome of eternity, all time is eloquent, every hour preaches of duty, of heaven, and of God. I do not reject the spirit of God in the Word, but I find the same spirit in all space, in all, yet above all, God, blessed forever.

We have no right, then, to ask absolute and exhaustive statements. When we have exhausted the chemistry of the dew drop, when we have detected all the elements that enter into the crystal, then, not till then, let us ask *finality* of statement from the interior universe. Let us accept the fact of spiritual utterance as it is. Every day adds to the splendor, the grace, the loftiness of interior communication. The highest medium, if in Divine Order, is not a mechanical, but an intellectual agency. As the interior faculties enlarged with use, are rectified through experience, and made transparent by the operation of the inner light, larger, loftier, more graceful forms of wisdom will shroud down upon us. As wiser and better angels communicate, inferior Spirits will recede. In proportion to the developed accuracy of our interior powers shall be the accurateness and magnificence—the richness and the glory of the manifested light. The Infinite descends upon us. Let our reservoirs of mind be opened, and we shall receive the fullness of the sea.

Here, then, I rest my argument. A new Ministry is at hand; a Ministry of the Spirit. Christ, our Divine Lord, is descending anew in the glory of an illumined Christendom. His mantle of fire is falling upon the race, as when Elijah rose translated his robe descended upon Elisha. Over the length and breadth of the whole earth, beneath the cope of the universal heaven, a theater is being prepared for the ultimatum of the Ideal in the Actual, the heavenly in the earthly. Before us, smiling in auroral tints of prophecy, rise the mountain summits of the new era—the kingdom of God in man. Harken, O my soul! Hearest thou not the voice as of a mighty multitude—a multitude that no man can number? The august processions of all departed eras—like Eastern magi—led on by the magic stars. Behold they come—they bear the treasures of all by-gone years—they lay them at the feet of the new, auspicious age—the Christ of ages—smiling in its manger-cradle already born. Egypt is here with its magic science, Greece with its beauty, Assyria with its busy strength, Chaldea with its starry wisdom, India with its oriental enchantment, Rome with its myriad arms of power, Palestine with its heavenly inspirations, its wand of miracle that touched the rock, and it became a fountain; that touched the waves, and lo! it cleft the sea.

But not in figure do these gather, but in absolute reality. It is not the moldering skeleton that starts to sudden vigor. It is the Host of Nations descending from above. The hand of God uplifts and reverses the hour-glass of the world. The golden sands fall once more into the crystal urn of ages. Death, the skeleton, crumbles into dust as the sun of Spirit-life arises in the East and Immortality resumes its reign.

"Glory to God—to God he saith;
Knowledge through suffering enteth,
And Life is perfected in death."

ROBBED HIMSELF.—A Mr. Hise, of Jackson township, who had sold his farm a short time since, received his money, \$1,000, in gold, on Thursday evening, and putting it into a carpet sack which he hung upon his bed post, went to sleep. In the morning the sack and money were gone—all the money he had in the world. To add to his misfortune, too, he had contracted for another farm, and was to pay for it the next day.

During the day (Friday), the carpet bag was found in a hollow poplar stump near his barn, with the pocket-book in it, but no money there—the thief had secured what he wanted. On Friday night Mrs. Hise was awakened by her husband getting out of bed. She arose and watched him. He went to the barn, after searching a little while, came out with the money in his hand, and went to the stump where the carpet-sack had been put. She now awakened him, when to his great joy he found that all was not lost.

He had, doubtless, while in his sleep, become uneasy about his money on the first night, and got up and hid it; the second night, fearing it was not secure where it was, he was removing it to a more secret place. Fortunately for him, his wife detected him in his somnambulist wandering, and saved their all.—*Greenburg (Ind.) Press.*

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1854.

REV. C. M. BUTLER, D.D., VS. SPIRITUALISM.

CHAPTER II.

From the analysis and exposition of Dr. Butler's text as given in the preceding chapter, it will appear to the satisfaction of the candid reader that the assumptions of himself and a majority of the clergy respecting the import of the text in Isaiah, are altogether destitute of any substantial foundation. So far as the passage contributes to establish any proposition, it goes to prove the very reverse of what Dr. Butler assumes. Its reaction on the loose logic of our clerical opposers is utterly destructive, and we are somehow reminded of a remarkable weapon, celebrated in modern story, whose unexpected recoil "kicked its owner over." The Doctor's text, if taken as authority, plainly refutes his sermon. This being the case, we might afford to pause at this stage of our labors, for the foundation of Mr. Butler's argument against Spiritualism being removed, the superstructure has nothing to stand upon but a mere *ipse dixit*, and "words are wind." It avails nothing that the body of popular divinity was long since baptized in a sacred name; it is still unspiritual and earthly. In fact, as well as in our philosophy, it deserves to stand in the category of physical forms and ponderable substances. The perversions of the Christian theology, its dogmatic authority over the consciences of men, and its material skepticism are all upheld by external supports. The system is not sufficiently refined to feel the force of a divine gravitation, and when its mundane props are removed, like other material creations, it naturally tends to the earth where it belongs.

But it is proposed to extend our analysis to the discourse itself, with a view to ascertain whether the preacher has damaged the claims of Spiritualism by the citation of unanswerable facts or arguments. In his exordium the author of the discourse says:

"In treating of the subject, I shall assume the supreme authority of the sacred Scriptures. It is a Christian congregation that I address, and my object is to show them that they can not adhere to Christianity and at the same time believe in the reality of these pretended spiritual manifestations."

The reader is requested to mark the full import of this language. That which is supreme is above all. The supreme authority is, of course, paramount to all others, and must finally determine all controverted questions. Dr. Butler assumes that the Jewish Scriptures constitute such a standard for all nations and all times, and by natural sequence that their testimony must be allowed to determine our faith and action, even if their letter and spirit be opposed to the results of actual experience and the discoveries of modern science. If this is what Dr. Butler means, and this, manifestly, is what he says—what his language distinctly implies—it may suffice on this point that the reign of all such authorities and the object subservency of the human mind to such arbitrary standards, is rapidly drawing to a close. Even now, no really free, enlightened, and rational mind will accept any ancient writing as such authority, and the ready indorsement of Dr. Butler will add nothing to the currency of the Scriptures—if they are alone to be received and viewed in this light—among men who are not already stupefied by an unreasoning reverence and a blind devotion. It is impossible to disguise the fact that the assumed plenary inspiration of the Old and New Testaments, and their authority even in matters of fact and philosophy, has been a stumbling-block over which many noble minds have fallen and been led to reject all faith in revelation. The church is responsible for their fall, and, it may be, for the wreck in them of all that is consoling and beautiful in faith, and hope, and charity. The Bible itself needs to be vindicated against the absurd claims and pretensions of its licensed expounders. The clergy have probably done more to promote popular skepticism than any other class in the community. Their continued efforts to set up the Bible in antagonism to the present actual experience of mankind, to array its "letter which killeth" against the spirit of the living age—quoting the words of its authors to overthrow the just claims of modern scientific discoveries—must inevitably lead sensible men either to discard it altogether, or to treat its expounders as "blind guides" and leaders of the blind.

As the assumed supremacy of the ancient Scriptures over all discoveries of modern science and art, and all existing sources and means of information, involves a fundamental question of great importance, I propose to devote the remainder of the present chapter to its consideration. It is assumed that the universal life and inspiration of the world, every other revelation and form of truth, including all physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual developments, are of inferior interest and forever subordinate to the recorded sayings of ancient patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. This is obviously implied in the idea of *supreme authority*; for all things else, of whatever nature or kind, must yield to that which is supreme. Hence, if it be proved to the satisfaction of half the world that invisible Spirits still hold intercourse with mortal men, we must not believe it so long as there is a single Hebrew or Greek manuscript—made supremely sacred perchance by traditional authority and the votes of ecclesiastical councils—which asserts or vaguely implies that they do not. We must credit the original writing, or some one of the numerous translations thereof; or, we may even be required to accept some *clergyman's explanation* of some particular version; and we must deny the existing fact, though it stares us in the face and speaks audibly to the senses and the soul. It avails nothing with such dogmatists that God made the eye, the ear, and all the senses—that they are instruments of Divine workmanship and Divine use, whereby we receive knowledge of his external creation; it avails nothing that the Divine life outflows through all the kingdoms of Nature, and infuses through all the avenues of the soul which is his temple. These oracular teachers virtually tell us that we must not believe our senses, that we must not regard Nature, nor listen to the voice of God speaking in our own spirits. This is all presumed to be imaginary and deceptive. This is said to be following the dim and uncertain light of nature, of human reason, and intuition, and to pursue such lights is declared to be irreligious and profane! as though Nature were the work of Satanic agency, Reason an unholy thing, and the highest thoughts and deepest convictions of Humanity but distempered dreams. These we must disregard, rather than question the authority of the revelations on parchment. All this is not merely unwise and irrelevant, it is *Atheistical*, since it is virtually assuming that the Divine Spirit

is not present in all his works, that Nature, as compared with the Scriptures, is an unclean thing—a gross, disorderly establishment, with the operations of which Deity is but remotely connected. That substantially this idea does exist, and is widely entertained, appears from the fact that even pious churchmen infringe the laws of Nature and the dictates of Reason without the slightest compunction. The fact—no one will deny that it is a fact—that it is esteemed no great sin to violate such of God's laws as are not written or otherwise comprehended in the Ten Commandments, clearly proves that all other laws are deemed less sacred and divine. It is thus plainly implied that Deity is not immanent in those laws and the forms they govern—in Nature, the orderly succession of events, and in man. This is the theological form of *practical Atheism*.

We do not deny the genuine inspiration of the Scriptures, but we claim that several other authors have experienced the divine afflatus. Moreover, there are many cogent reasons why we can not accept any book as a divine and *infallible* authority. In the first place, language is but a feeble and inflexible medium which the most intense emotion can not render sufficiently plastic and powerful to subserve the highest desires of the mind; it is a clumsy vehicle wherein Thought, with its ethereal form and heart of fire, sometimes rides slowly for the world's accommodation. Men of exalted genius, who in their time made no pretensions to a Divine inspiration, have exhausted the resources of language in attempts to incarnate the creations of mind, and have felt at last that the utmost effort was abortive. Many earthbound Spirits, ascending toward the highest heaven of human conception, have been transfigured by unutterable thoughts—have seen and heard what human tongues can never express. They are dull, inactive beings who have never felt that language is cold, formal, and forever inadequate to express what they think and feel. The most subtle and condensed forms of speech appear tame and spiritless to the soul in the light of its transfigurations. Those who have arisen in spirit to the vast realms where unnumbered worlds encircle the Infinite Presence like the jewels in a kingly diadem, have descended with the soul quickened, purified, and on fire with the inspiration of the Heavens, but only to say with an Apostle, that they were "caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words."

If, then, language can not express all that imperfect mortals feel and know, how can a written revelation be fully adequate to the utmost demands of man's spiritual nature through all the stages of his development? More especially if the powers of human thought transcend the capacity of all terrestrial speech, is it not utterly preposterous to assume that the fullness of Divine wisdom may be comprehended in a written revelation? And yet religious teachers, consecrated by the "laying on of hands" by those who believe in the impartation of no "spiritual gifts," talk as if they believed that the sublime thoughts of Deity, far-reaching as space and vast as Infinity, may be completely enshrined in nouns, verbs, and adjectives, so that the written word shall possess the infallibility of the living God. Short-sighted mortals! can ye bottle up the waters of the sea, exhaust the earth's atmosphere with an air-pump, or pluck with your feeble hands the remotest orbs in the stellar heavens? If ye can not do these things, and perform every other impossibility which the delirium of human ignorance and pride can suggest, tell us no more that the inspiration of the Almighty is confined to a single book which a man may carry in his pocket! Nay, the physical and spiritual worlds, with all their splendid garniture of suns and systems, peopled with innumerable forms of life and beauty, and uncounted gradations of sentient existence, present the only complete, authentic, and illustrated edition of the Divine revelations to man.

Another reason why a written revelation can not be a supreme authority and unerring standard for all men, in every age of the world, is found in the fact that the meaning of words is not always and everywhere the same. The circumstances of time and locality often determine their significance. Even the authorized exponents of the Bible have appealed to that book as well to sanction as to condemn war, capital punishment, slavery, and polygamy, the physical and political divisions of the world, existing customs, institutions, and dominant ideas, all contributing to determine the accredited import of the word. Moreover, the impressions made on the mind by a written revelation must ever vary according to the peculiarities of individual organization, association, and discipline, while the endless concatenation of inferior circumstances, which contribute to make life what it is, perpetually influence and modify our perceptions of truth. To render any book a perfect standard and a supreme authority for all men it must admit of universal application, and at the same time be equally well suited to all the various individualities existing or that may exist. All must be able to read and understand it substantially alike, at least in all its essential revelations. Such a standard must contain the sum of all knowledge, past, present, and to come, leaving undiscovered nothing that man may legitimately seek for or be qualified to comprehend. Such a book does not, and in the nature of the case can not, exist.

To suppose that the Bible contains all that is necessary for man to know is to presume that the preaching of the Apostles was mainly of no possible consequence. The ministry of several of the Apostles was quite protracted. Peter preached twenty years or more, and Paul some thirty years; but of all that they uttered we hear only partial reports of not more than half a dozen apostolic discourses and a few letters written to the different churches. John preached more than half a century; James is said to have discoursed orally to all the dispersed tribes of Israel, but we are chiefly left to conjecture what he taught them. According to the Greeks, Jude preached among them and throughout Mesopotamia; also in Judea, Samaria, Idumea, Syria, and principally in Armenia and Persia; but his sermons were not recorded and we have no particulars of his ministry.* We have heard a single modern sermon equal in length to all that is directly ascribed to Jesus, and yet we are constantly told by divines that the Bible contains the sum of all Divine wisdom yet given to man. If the few broken fragments which have been preserved and transmitted to us is all of revealed truth that Humanity needs to know in every stage of its development, of what conceivable use were the numerous discourses of which no record was made, and to what end have their successors in the Christian ministry, in every quarter of the world, been preaching for the last eighteen centuries? If the few fragments of their public discourses which have come to us contain enough for us and for all men they must have been sufficient for the first century, and it will appear that the preaching of Paul and John for thirty and sixty years respectively involved a prodigious expenditure of time and labor. That the New Testament is very far from being a complete statement of what was said and done by Christ and his Apostles is quite too manifest to require further elucidation. They

* See Calmet.

evidently disclosed but a very small part of what may be known, and at most only a meager outline of what they did communicate has come down to us.

The ultimate sources of inspiration may justly claim our highest respect, and command our unquestioning faith; but all inspiration, ultimately through impure, earthly channels, is necessarily rendered imperfect. The immortal thought may be precise and infallible in its archetypal form, but infallibility does not attach to the mundane instruments and earthly forms of its expression; and for this reason, also, we can not acknowledge the supreme authority of the *written form*. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," and it is but natural that the treasure itself should be somewhat corrupted by its mortal channels and receptacles. Infallibility, therefore, may pertain to the celestial springs of inspired ideas, but it certainly does not characterize their terrestrial incarnation. This blending of the elements of human feeling and thought with the soul's divinely inspired impressions, is forcibly illustrated in all the revelations of the olden time. The ancient Jews were subject to an arbitrary form of government, and their leaders were warlike and revengeful. This spirit characterized the revelations of that period, and hence the *lex talionis*, according to Moses, was the law of God. In the government of an ignorant and idolatrous people, the Jewish lawgiver was called to act chiefly in a legislative and executive capacity. Accordingly, the inspiration of Moses assumed a *legal form*. David was gifted above all the Hebrews as a poet and musician. He was a lover of Nature, and possessed a lively appreciation of beauty and harmony. The silence of the mountain and grove, the sublimity of the visible heavens, and the glory of Zion, inspired his soul with devout meditation and solemn praise. David was a poet, and through him the spirit of inspiration found expression in Orphic hymns which, to this day, constitute a part of the devotional exercises in Jewish and Christian temples, and are read by millions in all the languages of the civilized world.

Isaiah was a remarkable Seer or spiritual clairvoyant. He was actuated by pure desires; and existence, in his mind, was rendered supremely grand and beautiful, by the brilliant hopes and lofty aspirations which peopled the Future with images of glory. These attributes seem to have determined the character of his revelations, which were eloquent prophecies of the great Spiritual Era. Above and beyond the summits of the distant Ages, dawned the light of the new day. The far-off reign of righteousness was present to the unclouded vision of the prophet, and earth was transformed into a scene of beauty and a "highway of holiness." Jeremiah was amiable in his disposition, but he had not the cheerful and hopeful spirit of Isaiah. He seems to have been given to meditation, and inclined to melancholy. Being highly sympathetic in his nature, he was disposed to mourn over the misfortunes of his countrymen, and on this account he has been called "the weeping prophet." His case illustrates the influence of cerebral conditions on revelation. The inspiration of Jeremiah ultimated itself in the *Lamentations*.

Jesus of Nazareth, whose humble life and death were more glorious to humanity than the conquests of a thousand heroes, was preeminent over all in devotion to his ideal of the celestial life. Amid the noise of passion, and the jarring discords of the world, his soul was at peace. A spirit quickened by Divine fire; love that consumes the deepest resentment, and forgiveness which coexists with all human wrong, were conspicuous in the life of Jesus. When the world was faithless and disobedient, he stood alone—sublimely great—in his solemn trust and his immortal fidelity. That hallowed peace of the soul; that deathless love of humanity, and Godlike forgiveness of offenders, were incarnate in the revelations of Jesus. The Divine law, as disclosed by the great spiritual Teacher was the law of Love.

Revelation thus takes the form of law, poetry, prophecy, ethics, etc., and the verbal expression of the inspired thought depends, in a greater or less degree, on a variety of idiosyncratic peculiarities; and the general perfection of earthly media.

The human soul, redeemed from ignorance and the dominion of fleshly lusts, is above all books. God is immanent and manifest in such a man as he does not exist in any ancient parchment or human institution, for the illuminated Spirit is his temple. Man is not a mere fixture of the Bible, the Church, and the Sabbath. On the contrary, the Sabbath was made for man; so, also, was the Bible and all other books. All teachers, whether of science, art, or religion, together with the multifarious means and modes of instruction, including the Church, the ritual, and the priesthood, are only important to the individual and to the race in so far as they promote the moral renovation and spiritual development of man. The inspiration which has been printed in books has indirectly inspired sublimer thoughts and nobler resolutions in the minds of millions, but only because the millions were not endowed with the same or similar gifts. As men grow divinely strong and beautiful in spirit and life, and are thus qualified to occupy the same exalted plane with ancient inspired men, all verbal authorities and stereotyped instructions may give place to the *actual realization of the same exalted communion*. This appears to be a law of general application. The student of Nature leaves his class-books and abandons his mortal guides when he is able to go alone to her sublime oracles, and to interpret the universal picture-language of earth and seas and skies. Paul left his "schoolmaster," "the law," when he went to Christ, whose higher inspiration rendered measurably obsolete the ancient authority of Moses; and if other minds, in the course of their development, whether in this life or that which is to come, shall be enabled to draw the living inspiration from the unsealed fountains which were open to the early seers, prophets, and apostles, the mere records of their experience may cease to be of vital interest, save as integral portions of man's spiritual history. It is not the spirit of inspiration and its sublime utterances which we oppose, but only the *materialism* that loses sight of the divine reality in grasping after its earthly forms and shadows. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

"WE'RE AFLOAT."—That is, we suppose we are, in giving further publicity—as *original*—to some lines commencing as above, in our paper of May 6th, which lines Bro. Hewitt reminds us, in the last number of the *New Era*, were originally published in his paper some months since. We have not the means of determining the process whereby the reputed medium at Bethel, Vt., obtained the same. Our information is limited to what is contained in our correspondent's note, and to the fact stated by our editorial brother, and repeated substantially in a private note from Mr. Lowell himself. We can not, therefore, decide whether the plagiarism, if indeed it be such, is of mortal or immortal origin. The views expressed by Bro. Hewitt are charitable and reasonable.

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.

We have frequently found that those who are openly known to be unbelievers in Revelation, and who are popularly denominated "Infidels," are characterized by a more than ordinary share of good sense and honesty. They are generally men who respect the truth, and when convinced that they are in error or have made a mistake, to their honor be it spoken, they are, for the most part, neither too proud nor too inflexible in their own estimation to correct it. Among those who are thus characterized, there is perhaps no man to whom our remarks more truthfully apply than to Mr. HORACE SEEVER, Editor of the *Investigator*. Our cotemporary, no doubt, strives to be right on all occasions, though he is sometimes by accident a little out of the way, as will be perceived from the following article, which we copy from his paper of the 17th ult.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

MR. EDITOR:

In the last number of the *Spiritual Telegraph* I find the following assertion: "In the brief period of less than seven years (Spiritualism) has converted more than two hundred thousand Deists and Atheists to a firm faith in God, and to the cardinal principles of immortal life and spiritual revelation." Having been for many years an Atheist myself, and not knowing any of these "converted" ones among my friends, I doubt very much the truth of the *Telegraph's* assertion. I would inquire if it agrees with your experience and observation? T. W. A.

REMARKS BY MR. SEEVER.—No, very far from it. Among our own personal acquaintances we can not recall to mind above two or three persons whose opinions have been changed by Spiritualism, and even these never seemed to have any fixed and decided views about any thing, but were always wavering and unsettled in their minds. Then, again, our subscription list shows a regular increase for the past seven years, and is now larger than it ever was before. So putting these facts together, we are led to believe with our friend that the *Telegraph's* story of the two hundred thousand converted Deists and Atheists is very incorrect in point of reality. This practice of getting up large stories about the conversion of Infidels was always a freak of religious faith, and the Spiritualists, following the custom of other Christians, seem to be trying their hand at the business. We would say to the Rev. Editor as was once said to somebody else—

"Last men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view."

We have had it in our head and heart for some time to say a good word for the *Investigator*, and we may as well do it now that we are called on to correct the misapprehension of its Editor and one of his correspondents. We certainly did not say that two hundred thousand persons who had the moral courage to openly profess Deism and Atheism, and to patronize the *Investigator*, had been converted to Spiritualism, although we could mention even of that class "among our own personal acquaintances," a much larger number than Mr. Seever is able to point out in the circle of his personal friends. We are quite willing to father our own language, but not the *Investigator's construction*, at the same time we have no idea that there was any intentional misapprehension, for notwithstanding the material proclivities of that journal, its freedom and fairness has ever inspired our admiration.

But we have had some opportunity to learn the state of the churches during the twenty years last past, ten years of which time have been spent in the relations and functions of the clerical profession. We have irresistible evidence of the fact that the churches of all Protestant sects contain great numbers who entertain Deistical and Atheistical sentiments. In order to be in fashion, to keep their families in the so-called "higher circles," to obtain increased facilities for money-making, and to secure a higher social position or a wider political influence, they do not hesitate to conceal their real views, and to tacitly accept the dogmas of the church while they have not the least faith in their verity. If we know that many of these men have been actually convinced by the spiritual phenomena, and now really believe what they never truly believed before, namely, that the soul is immortal, and that mankind have, or may have, a revealed religion.

We are well aware that the sects have talked long and loud about "Infidels," but when it is said that Spiritualists pursue this practice, we must respectfully claim to be an exception, and in no way deserving of the distinction which this general impeachment confers. Our cotemporary will be kind enough to observe that the allusion in the *Telegraph* was to *Deists and Atheists*. We call no man an *Infidel* who faithfully follows his honest convictions whatever they may be. With this explanation of our former statement, it will appear that we did manage to

"Keep probability in view."

That the *Investigator's* "subscription list shows a regular increase," does not greatly surprise us, for although its philosophy appears to us to be quite too material to be true, the paper is ably conducted, and the Editor exhibits a tolerant and candid spirit, which we should rejoice to see imitated by several so-called *Christian* journals.

WHOLE NUMBERS AND FRACTIONS.

Two weeks since, in some remarks which accompanied a letter from London, we took occasion to intimate that Mrs. Crowe, doubtless like a number of persons who have of late tenanted lunatic asylums in this country, might be far more sane than some other people, who, merely because they are in the majority, are not suspected of being deranged. Since the date of our former paragraph, we find the following in the *Tribune* under the head of foreign literary intelligence:

A paragraph has gone the round of our papers, and I suppose reached you, that Mrs. Crowe, the authoress, was mad and in a lunatic asylum. It further stated that she ran into the street in a state of nudity, all the while raving about Spirit-rapping. Mrs. Crowe has written to deny this; she says that she has been very ill, and for some time was not in her right mind, during which time she talked about Spirits, etc.

Some people, in treating matters of vital interest, tell their story in full; they have to do with whole numbers where the truth is concerned; others make use of such fractional parts—*vulgar fractions*, too—of the truth as may be employed without damage to their preconceived opinions and prejudices. The enemies of Spiritualism reported that Mrs. Crowe was interested in the subject, and that Mrs. Crowe was *insane*, leaving the world to infer that the two facts sustained the relation of cause and effect. Now it appears that Mrs. C. was "very ill," and owing to disease and physical debility, like many other sick persons, she was confused in thought, and for a time her mind was wandering. This species of falsehood, of late so much in vogue, does not exhibit quite so much courage as the ordinary kind of lying; but we do not think of any other points of distinction worth mentioning.

Mrs. Crowe has for some time been engaged in the preparation of a book on the current spiritual phenomena, the appearance of which will be anticipated with interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mrs. Britt, to whom we referred in our last number, resumes her lectures at Dodworth's Academy, 806 Broadway, this week, commencing on Tuesday evening, May 30th. For notice of subsequent lectures see the daily papers.

MR. A. J. DAVIS.

MR. S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Having just returned from a visit to Hartford, I take pleasure in furnishing you with a short account of an interview with Mr. A. J. Davis, Mrs. Mettler, etc.

I went to accompany an invalid friend who desired to consult Mrs. Mettler professionally. On arriving at her house, on Wednesday morning, we found the room crowded with patients, and Mrs. M. was in the clairvoyant state examining these patients. We were informed that the number was so great that my friend could not be examined on that occasion, and that it would be necessary to remain over until the next day. This gave us an opportunity of spending the evening with Mr. A. J. Davis, and I felt it a duty to give the impressions made upon my friend and myself by this interview.

Until a very late date my impressions of Mr. Davis had been gathered from the views of orthodox friends who had given him work a cursory examination, and who, therefore, were most ready to object to his theories; nor were they contented with this, but generally objected to himself, as assuming influences which he did not enjoy.

A few weeks since, however, I purchased all his works, and have read the majority of his writings, and with greatest care those on spiritual manifestations, another entitled, "Present Age and Inner Life," and the first volume of the "Great Harmonia." These gave indications of an amount of knowledge of several of the sciences which more than surprised me, and his *rational* gave evidence of a depth of thought with which I have never before been my good fortune to meet. Apart from any convictions as to the correctness of his views, which, however, I do not assume as my present condition, his ability, or that manifested in his writings, is greater, in my opinion, than that of any other writer of the age.

Having arrived at this conclusion, I was naturally anxious to know whether this ability was entirely the result of inspiration, or whether it arose in part from the education Mr. Davis might have received, and therefore I visited those persons with whom Mr. Davis has resided almost consecutively since the time he was sixteen years of age. This included Mr. Fishbough, yourself, Mr. Green (through his published account), and many others who have been intimate with his habits, etc. All agreed that Mr. D. had been educated solely by his own manifestations; that he had never read—so far as they had been able to learn—a single work on any branch of science of which his own writings treat so ably. You may judge, then, of my anxiety to see a man so endowed as to be able to give us the views of learned minds in the Spirit-land who had progressed so far beyond the knowledge of those in the form.

We found Mr. Davis lively in temperament, without the slightest frivolity, evidently happy, with a most perfect balance of mind, no trace of melancholy discontent, or of their parent, egotism; he is alike a courteous listener and impressive orator. He informed us that the quotations which he had made from other authors were given to him while in the inner state, and that in no case did it feel necessary to refer to the writings of those authors to be able to quote them *verbatim*, although he had never seen their works. He stated that while in this inner state his Spirit could visit libraries at a distance, but he found it a more ready means of information to read the minds of those already learned in the subjects on which he required information, whether their Spirits were in or out of the form.

The appearance of Mr. Davis—when the visitor is sufficiently close to him to observe with exactness—is that of one who had lived an exact and proper life, the very personification of precise health, devoid of plethora or personal indulgence of any kind. His mind, and not his impulses, seem to imbue his every word and thought, and as far as one could judge, he had so mastered the impulses common to man as to possess true spiritual clarity, or the ability to view others devoid of all former prejudices. I felt almost inclined to apologize for my former estimation of this man.

We conversed with many gentlemen in Hartford in relation to Mr. Davis, some believers and some unbelievers in the new philosophy, but all accorded to him, without one exception, the highest need of praise, all believing him to be sincere, and all admitting him to be an impersonation of a singular mental phenomenon. The parties with whom we conversed in relation to Mr. Davis, with one accord agreed that they never have known him to lose his temper; that he was at all times alike, and that any hour of his life, so far as they knew, might be taken as an example of propriety.

An anecdote was related to us, which, perhaps, it may not be improper to repeat. On one occasion, as Mr. Davis and a friend were walking past Trinity Church, at Hartford, some students from the upper stories of the building gibed him as he passed by, calling out, "Rapper," "Rochester knockings," and a variety of other terms which they supposed to be apropos, to all of which he paid no heed, but continued his conversation with his friend. When returning they had to pass the college again, and by this time the boys, who had doubtless considered themselves young gentlemen, had prepared a pail of water, which they threw from the window with such precision that the contents fell on the head of Mr. Davis, and drenched him thoroughly. Even this did not disturb his equanimity; he continued his conversation with his friend, walking to a doctor's office near by, where he asked for a towel to wipe his head and face. The doctor observed, "Why, Mr. Davis, you appear to be very wet." "Yes," said he, "the boys at the college seemed to have wanted amusement, and they made me their butt." Even this insult, as it would have been conceived by others, was excused by him, and we know that his conduct proved a useful lesson to those who offered him the intended insult.

On Thursday morning, my friend and myself again visited Mrs. Mettler. In consequence of a very heavy shower, we found Mrs. Mettler disengaged, without patients, and after a sociable chat of half an hour, she was mesmerized by her husband and passed into the clairvoyant state.

As my friend's disease had always seemed to be a hopeless one, I was willing to accompany him to Hartford to undergo this examination, but certainly without the slightest belief that Mrs. Mettler could either ascertain his disease in a clairvoyant state, or suggest the necessary remedies.

You may judge of my surprise, then, when, with her eyes blindfolded, she proceeded by pressing her head against his person to describe not only every part of his body, but to detail the cause of his disease, and the exact history of its progress, with which I had been long intimate, for I have known him from his childhood. Every part of this history was most correct, and among other facts she described certain issues, sores, etc., of which he bears the marks upon his body. She gave the localities, which are such as she never could have seen, and she could have had no external knowledge of his former history or disease. Mrs. M. then gave a prescription, detailing the course he was to pursue, and with each medicine recommended most clearly, detailed the promised effects. During all this she evinced the most accurate knowledge of the anatomical structure, and such pathological facts as are usually known only to the most highly educated physicians, anatomists, etc.

I then subjected myself to her examination, and received a history, which I know to be precisely true, of the ailments under which I have suffered. My present condition was most accurately described, and the *rational* accompanying the causes was such as I am sure would have been credible to the best physicians of the day.

NEW MUSIC.

We are indebted to the extensive Music Publisher and Piano Dealer of 333 Broadway, Mr. Horace Waters, for the receipt of a new and charming piece of music by the popular Composer, Van Der Weyde, entitled the "Fairy Land Schottisch." "Fairy-land" indeed is the melody, harmonious as the warbling of birds, or notes produced by the golden harps of happy Spirits in the Spirit-land. The title-page is embellished with a splendid Lithograph representing a fairy-land scene. Price 25 cents.

Also the "Park Waltzes," a beautiful composition by John Fletcher. Price 25 cents. "Deal Gently with the Strangers Heart," a choice home-song by Charlie C. Converse. Price 25 cents; and "Modern Belle"—song spicy and passable in its bits. Price 25 cents.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

Uriah Clark, who is on a lecturing tour through the East, has sent us the following list of appointments.

Will lecture at	Lowell, Mass., Sunday, June 4th.
"	Portland, Me., June 9th, Sunday 11th.
"	Bath, " " 12th.
"	Bangor, " " 13th, 14th, and 15th.
"	Augusta, " " 16th, 17th, Sunday, 18th.

THE SPIRITS HAVE TAKEN SOUTHOUD.

The following letter, from an old and true friend, by some mishap, did not fall into the editor's hands until last week, which circumstance will account for the delay in its appearance. We are pleased to learn that the Spirits have fairly taken possession of the very place where the New York Association once assembled for the purpose of annihilating the new heresy. Is it not time for the standing clerk to call another session of that body?

Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Gentlemen—The evidences of the truth of the phenomena of what is termed Spiritualism are gradually accumulating in this town, and a spirit of inquiry is beginning to be aroused. True, the clergy cry out, "Devil! devil! mad dog! mad dog!" The popular boaster, who is a slave to his own vanity or public opinion, and who not infrequently exemplifies to the letter the old saying that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," is quite dogmatic in his assertions that electricity, or some of its near relations, is entitled to the credit—while many of the thinking, common-sense, and independent class are wholly unable to account for it short of the spiritual theory.

We have among us almost all kinds of mediums, tipplers, movers, rappers, speakers, writers, and seers, all of whom are more or less developed, and who contribute somewhat to the annoyance of the clergy, the victim of the boasters, and to the encouragement and growth of independent thinkers and inquirers. The former class have their early education, their crude and pecuniary interests to contend with, and hence are poor judges in matters of this kind. The second class have always moved with the multitude, and never advance any faster than majorities will justify. The latter are generally of that class who stop not to inquire, "What is truth?" for fear of the devil, mad dogs, or majorities, but who pursue the even tenor of their ways, ever anxious to know what is truth, than to embrace and follow it.

It is not my purpose, on the present occasion, to occupy any large space in your columns. I will briefly say, that I have seen the table tip and walk from causes not visible, and have frequently known it to respond intelligently to questions. I have taken a common-sized work-table, with four legs, and placed one leg in the palm of my right hand (hand open), while the hands of two or three mediums were on the top of it, when the whole table would rise from two to four feet above the floor, while one of the mediums was beating on the top of the table with his hands, apparently as hard as he could. I have seen a common-sized piano, with the hands of a young girl, some fourteen years of age, light* lay upon it, rise and fall, while my hand and the hand of a friend were pressing it down and trying to prevent its rising. I have frequently known a large dining-table to dance and keep time to a quick tune on the piano, and observe movements as graceful as those of a skillful dancer. I have seen a large dining-table move without being touched by any person, and without the use of any visible means. I have listened to the spelling, through the raps, by the alphabet, of numerous sentences, some of them astonishingly correct and evincing a high order of intelligence. I have known mediums to speak in a circle and utter sentiments and language far above their ordinary ability. I have conversed with a young girl twelve years of age for an hour or more at a time, and have interrogated her in relation to the spiritual world, and have asked the most profound and difficult questions that I could conceive of or suggest, and have received answers in the most prompt and decisive manner, that would have puzzled a doctor of divinity a lifetime to have answered, and when answered would not have been so satisfactory, nor so much tinged with the probabilities of truth. I have seen mediums, as honest men as can be found in the community, thrown into a trance, and I have seen them pass through drowning scenes that neither Forrest nor Macready could successfully imitate, purporting to illustrate the manner of the death of deceased friends; and I have frequently made raps with my fingers on the table and had them imitated by some invisible presence, but never, until last night, did I witness the following phenomena, when I attended a circle consisting of some ten persons, male and female, and after being amused with the tipping and dancing of the table, which stood in the middle of the room, the chair in which the medium (a young girl) was seated began to move, and with it the table, with the hands of the medium placed lightly upon it, and continued moving till the medium's chair came in contact with the wall. The table was then taken back to the middle of the room, the medium still continuing in her chair near the wall; the chair frequently rose with her in it, and at length made an entire circuit around the table (the medium still remaining in it, with her feet dragging upon the floor), and assumed its former position. Soon after this we were favored with the raps: we rapped on the upper side of the table and the invisible presence would give us the echo under the table; it beat out a number of tunes, such as Auld Lang Syne, Sweet Home, etc. At length the idea was conceived of writing with our fingers on the surface of the table; for instance, if I, with my forefinger, bore on hard upon the table, as if writing the word *inquisition*, there would be no sound till after I had passed through the formality of imitating the letters necessary to the formation of that word (in writing that, or any other word requiring it, I would cross the *r's* and dot the *e's*, and in dotting the *i's* I brought the forefinger down with considerable force), when, apparently on the under surface of the table, would be written or imitated the same word or sound, even to the perfection of an echo in most cases. I wrote out a whole sentence in this way, and the invisible intelligences, after I had finished, rewrote it, occupying about the same time that I did, making all the sounds, crossing all the *r's*, and dotting all the *e's* as correctly and as sensibly as I did. The invisible presence would also, of its own accord, spell out sentences in this way—first it would imitate writing, like that of a man with his finger upon the table, and then, if we were at a loss to know the letter or word, by repeating the alphabet it would rap at the proper letters, and in this manner whole sentences were spelled out.

I have already extended this article far beyond what I intended at the outset, but you must pardon me if I add a little more. The idea that all these things are done by the devil and his emissaries may appear very sensible and philosophical to some minds; while to others it may appear quite probable, or even plausible, that blind electricity, or some of its adjuncts, unaided by spiritual intelligence, is the cause; but as for myself, I see no reason or philosophy in either of the theories, and hence am driven, from necessity, to adopt the spiritual theory—the theory of progress, or, if you please, the Harmonical Philosophy—in order to obtain a rational solution of the matter—all the theories, aside from the one last named, that have been suggested to my mind, or come under my observation, appear to be about as consistent and rational as it would be for me to come to the conclusion that there is no reality in this world; that I do not exist here, but that I really exist in Jupiter, or some other planet, and am only dreaming of my existence upon this earth.

SOUTHOUD (L. I.), April 15, 1854.

TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF MRS. THOMAS.

This is to certify that Mrs. Hannah Thomas, a medium from Ohio, has been lecturing on "Spiritualism for some weeks past in Philadelphia. We consider the communications made through her as well calculated to aid those who are desirous to enter into a philosophical investigation of the subject of spiritual intercourse.

Believing that much good will result from her efforts, we would solicit on behalf of herself, and the cause in which she is engaged, the sympathies and encouragement of Spiritualists residing in other cities which she may feel it her duty to visit.

Henry T. Child, M.D.,
Aaron Comfort,
J. L. Sleeper,
Benjamin Percival.

A CARD.

Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:
Gentlemen—Permit me through the columns of your paper to announce to my friends that I am in no way connected with the so-called "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," and am not responsible for any thing that emanates from their circle or through the columns of their paper. I am constrained to make this announcement from the fact that the Society think best to withhold the names of the parties who are responsible, and the impression has already gone forth that I am still connected with the establishment at 553 Broadway, and acting as medium there. Mr. Whitney and myself are in no way connected with said association. I have taken a room at 542 Broadway, where I hold public circles daily.

Yours, truly,

J. R. CONKLIN.

THE TRANSITION.

Lo! beaming on the vast opaque,
A flood of glory seems to break,
And waves successive roll,
The rising radiance spreads apace—
Illumes illimitable space,
And penetrates the soul.

Enraptured vision scans the cause
Of all-effective Wisdom's laws,
In motion void of strife;
Sees Nature's boundless realm in swarms,
In vast infinity of forms
Of being, power, and life.

Sounds unconceived by mortal mind,
From out the unfathomed, unconfined,
Result a living stream—
Of worlds below and orbs above,
Exhaustless plenitude of love
The all-inspiring theme.

That theme your loftiest notes demands,
Ye glowing hosts, whose radiant bands
Essential love surround;
Your songs, ye morning stars, employ—
Offspring of intellectual joy—
From central heavens profound.

As ever rising on your view,
Eternal, ancient, ever new;
The sounding anthems rise;
While to the life-infusing lay,
The dawn of everlasting day
Infinity replies:

"Rise, kindred Spirit, freely tread
Our Father's ample mansions, spread
With infinite supplies;
From outer beings' lowest plane,
From doubt, from darkness, and from pain,
Co-equal-Spirit rise.

"No more of error's blind career,
The toilsome reign of hope and fear;
No more of great and small;
Here Living Truth the soul sustains,
And here Eternal Wisdom reigns,
And Love is all in all.

"Infinite harmony pervades
This universe of lights and shades—
That blend divinely fair;
While opening through ascending spheres,
The splendors of eternal years
Unitely we share."

GOWANDA, N. Y., July 20, 1853.

SPIRITUALISM IN WATERFORD, N. Y.

Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Gentlemen—You will receive herewith a list of twenty-five names for the ensuing volume of the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*. This is, you will perceive, a considerable increase upon the number for last year, but by no means in proportion to the increase of believers and investigators of the phenomena of Spiritualism in this place. I am happy to inform you that our good friends of the higher spheres have made their visitations neither few nor far between for the last six months, but have been quite active in their appointed work of converting our citizens from the antiquated errors and superstitions of orthodox theology. I could recount many wonderful manifestations which have occurred in our most respectable families, where the Spirits of the departed are laboring night and day to instill a better and a brighter faith. Probably no town in the State is more thoroughly steeped in conservatism than this, yet the fire of the new dispensation is causing a rapid evaporation of foggyism, and there is good reason to hope that the next generation will be thoroughly progressive.

Mediums are becoming numerous in all classes of society. The various orders of manifestations, rapping, tipping, writing, speaking, and clairvoyant, are witnessed nightly in all parts of the town. Some of the oldest and stiffest "pillars" of the churches are secretly pursuing their investigations by the aid of mediums in their own families, yet are tremblingly fearful lest it become known, and they thereby lose their standing in the synagogue. Some of the preachers have attempted to frighten their people from the subject by the cry of "devil," "infidelity," and such like bugbears; but their efforts, instead of producing the desired effect, have only caused a more general inquiry for spiritual light, and have opened the eyes of some to the fact, that ministers are interested parties and as likely to be mistaken as other men.

At some future time I may perhaps furnish you with the details of some of our most interesting manifestations, if the consent of the parties immediately interested can be obtained.

WATERFORD, May 1, 1854.

BORN OF THE SPIRIT.

Departed this life on the 5th inst., in Benton Township, Miss ELLEN RICHARDS, of pulmonary disease, aged 19 years.

Miss R. was truly a child of Nature, and possessed of rare mental endowments. Her mind, to a great extent, devoured her bodily organization. Previous to her dissolution, being fully aware that her spirit would soon be disengaged from the body, she expressed herself ready and entirely willing for the Great Author of her existence to still the troubled waters of her earthly being, that she might go to the Spirit-land. For her, death had no terrors; she was at peace with herself and those around her, and she knew that to die was to be born again—born with new life and vigor.

Ellen was a spiritual medium of the highest order, and thousands have listened with thrilling interest to her communications when in the interior or spiritual condition. Her mind was active, and though severely indisposed, but a few short hours before her Spirit resigned its dominion over the body he composed a number of verses of angelic poetry. Her literary productions are voluminous. She was fond of embroidery, drawing, and painting, etc., and has left some specimens of surpassing beauty, which will be long cherished by her friends as beautiful mementoes of departed worth.

Agreeably to her request, her funeral services were conducted solely by her spiritual friends. The remains were attended by her parents and other relatives and a large concourse of friends to the People's Church, at Clifford Corners, where funeral services were performed in a solemn and becoming manner, by discourses and observations, together with singing, through spiritual media.

ELIZABETH, wife of Lemuel S. Phelps, departed this, for the higher life, May 3d, 1854, in the twenty-fourth year of her age. Sympathetic, mild, and affectionate in life, calm, resigned, and hopeful in death, without a struggle or a sigh the pure spirit left the earth-form calm as sleeping innocence. Her kind, affable, and Christian deportment had drawn around her a large circle of attached friends, who sympathize with the bereaved husband and relatives in their sudden bereavement. We can but deplore the loss to society of one so young and in the midst of life and usefulness. But we murmur not; for what is our loss, to her is gain. She left her type in the form of two infant daughters—one three years the other seven weeks old. Her funeral was attended on the 6th instant by a large concourse of relatives and sympathizing friends. A discourse was delivered by Rev. Mr. Havens, from the words of Balaam: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The discourse was glowing with the sentiments which inspire the mind with the certainty of a higher life, but enjoyed in degree according to the workings of our own moral nature. The bereaved were not made more sad, but cheered with the certainty of a reunion with the "lost ones."

LIAONA, May 6, 1854.

Mr. A. J. Davis lectured in Dodworth's Academy on Sunday last, morning and evening, to crowded audiences, but our paper goes to press so early in the week that we have neither time nor space in the present issue for any observations respecting his lectures, save that they were favorably received.

Original Communications.

ITINERANT ETCHINGS OF URIAH CLARK.

NUMBER TWO.

Stray Thought—City of Churches—A. J. Davis—Mrs. J. R. Mettler's Gift—Needle-case—Robert Owen—Spirit-writing—H. C. Wright—Spiritual Quackery.

HARTFORD, CT., May 16, 1854.

The valley of the Connecticut grows rich and glorious with the verdure of May; its slopes flecked out with blooming orchards, and its broad, deep waters reflecting the borders of landscapes that remind us of the land where "everlasting spring abides, and never-withering flowers." With a spiritual philosophy that becomes a part of our very life, how the old sacred songs we heard in childhood come back and vibrate through the soul with thrilling harmony, and flashes of inspiration that reveal the reality of things celestial. It becomes no vague or fictitious emotion for us to feel that the temple of nature is dedicated as the altar of God, and that our souls may be attuned to accord with the ministering angels whose mission comes down to the lowliest life of the pure and free.

And here is "the city of churches." In the midst of so many beautiful homes, and neat streets decked with foliage, I forget all these churches are consecrated to sectarian ends, and would feel they are temples whose walls are vocal with songs of harmonious inspiration. Hartford has a hall, if not a temple, dedicated to spiritual freedom, and here is the center of a few heroic souls whose influence is felt on the surrounding elements.

On Sunday I saw and heard A. J. Davis the first time. I confess myself peculiarly attracted and impressed. His plan of thought and manner of speech were vastly superior to my conceptions. Though utterly void of all pretension, Mr. Davis carries with him the unmistakable signs of a seer whose mission must mark a memorable era in the higher development of humanity. Those who are familiar with the daily life and walk of Mr. Davis feel an influence as irresistible as the charm of his singularly eloquent and oracular voice. I can not resist the impression of being in the presence of a congenial soul of the loftiest inspirations in wisdom and love. Should Mr. Davis reach the age of thirty-five without any retarding influences, he will have attained a development without parallel in the history of man.

Hartford is the center of spiritual philosophy for Connecticut. Its circles have produced many striking manifestations. On Saturday evening—Mr. Roberts the medium—I witnessed a case of writing and drawing the most satisfactory I ever saw in that line. The medium, in total darkness, within five or ten minutes, filled four sides of close-ruled letter paper, of fine hand, every line perfectly straight and accurate; and in the incredibly short time of half a minute drew a pencil sketch, about four inches long, and as correct as an artist might have executed in an hour.

Mrs. J. R. Mettler, as clairvoyant physician and psychometrist, is still performing wonders in behalf of the sick, the afflicted, and the skeptical. Her house is daily thronged with visitors from the city and every part of the country, and applications by letter are constantly arriving, so that she and Mr. Mettler are almost overwhelmed with labor. Those who know what Mr. Mettler and Mrs. Mettler suffered years ago from the abuse and obloquy of a skepticism that would have robbed them of all life holds dear and sound, may now rejoice at the tide of prosperity flowing in on them, and the grateful benefactions they are able to confer on humanity.

A POINTED CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

About the 20th of April, Mrs. W. P. Hodgett, of Springfield, Mass., complained of a painful pricking sensation in her right thigh. As Mr. Hodgett was starting for Hartford, she requested him to call on Mrs. Mettler. Mr. Hodgett called, and Mrs. Mettler, immediately after mentally passing to Springfield, a distance of twenty-five miles, confidently stated that she saw a small needle in Mrs. Hodgett's limb, causing the pain of which she complained. She directed the application of a poultice at first, and then a surgical operation. On the 4th instant, the following paragraph appeared in the *Springfield Evening Post*:

"On Monday, the 1st inst., Mrs. Wells P. Hodgett, of this city, had a fine cambric needle extracted from her right limb, by Dr. Lambert. She has no idea how or when it came there. The wound is doing well."

It is certain Mrs. Hodgett knew not how or when the needle entered her limb. She had no knowledge or suspicion it was there at all, till after Mrs. Mettler's examination. Remembering that no person had any knowledge of the fact, that Mrs. Mettler was twenty-five miles distant from Mrs. Hodgett when she discovered the needle, and gave direction for its extraction—facts sustained beyond the possibility of cavil—this is absolutely one of the most extraordinary demonstrations of spiritual sight adduced in this age of startling phenomena.

This case may render it no longer a paradox to "find a needle in a hay-stack." If this case lacks in pointed evidence to convince hardened skeptics, we must give over their consciences as too callous ever to be pricked with conviction. We commend this remarkable instance to editorial infidels who are constantly abusing the advocates of spiritual philanthropy; and when they are able to dispose of it, we shall endeavor to furnish something else.

BEAUTIES OF THE VEDA.

PHILADELPHIA, May 6, 1854.

Gents—I have taken the trouble to copy the enclosed, and send them to you for publication. You will at a glance perceive that the extracts from the Veda contain the sum and substance of the teachings of the brightest Spirits that now communicate to us. I think they will interest your numerous readers, many of whom will no doubt be as much astonished as myself at finding such sublimity of thought among the Hindoo race. For my part, I can only account for it by referring it to inspiration. What think you of it? Very truly, in the best wishes for your success in the holy cause,

W. F. K.

THE GAYATRI, OR HOLIEST VERSE OF THE VEDA.

"Let us adore the supremacy of that divine Sun,* the God-head who illuminates all, who recreates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress toward his holy seat."

* "What the sun and light are to this visible world, that are the supreme good and truth to the intellectual and invisible universe; and as our corporeal eyes have a distinct perception of objects enlightened by the sun, thus our souls acquire a certain knowledge by meditating on the light of truth which emanates from the Being of beings. That is the light by which alone our minds can be directed in the path to beatitude."

EXTRACTS FROM THE VEDA.

"May that soul of mine, which mounts aloft in my waking hours as an ethereal spark, and which even in my slumber has a like ascent, soaring to a great distance, as an emanation from

* Opposed to the visible luminary.

* Bhargava, a word consisting of three consonants, derived from *brh*, to shine; *ram*, to delight; *gav*, to move.

the Light of lights, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blessed and supremely intelligent!"

"May that soul of mine, which is a ray of perfect wisdom, pure intellect, and permanent existence; which is the unextinguishable light fixed within created bodies, without which no good act is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blessed and supremely intelligent!"

"There is one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passion, of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; the maker and preserver of all things both visible," etc.

"The man who considers all beings as existing even in the Supreme Spirit, and the Supreme Spirit as pervading all beings, henceforth views no creature with contempt."

"The pure enlightened soul assumes a luminous form with no gross body, with no perforation, with no veins or tendons, unblemished, untainted by sin, itself being a ray from the infinite Spirit, which knows the past and the future, which pervades all, which existed with no cause but itself, which created all things as they are in ages very remote."

"That all-pervading Spirit, that Spirit which gives light to the visible sun, even the same in kind am I, though infinitely distant in degree. Let my soul return to the immortal Spirit of God, and then let my body, which ends in ashes, return to dust!"

A HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Night approaches, illumined with stars and planets, and looking on all sides with numberless eyes, overpowers all meaner lights. The immortal goddess pervades the firmament, covering the low valleys, and shrubs, and the lofty mountains and trees, but soon she disturbs the gloom with celestial effulgence. Advancing with brightness, at length she recalls her sister morning, and the nightly shade gradually melts away.

May she at this time be propitious! she in whose early watch we may calmly recline in our mansion, as birds repose on the tree.

Mankind now sleep in their towns; now herds and flocks peacefully slumber, and winged creatures, even swift falcons and vultures.

O night, avert from us the she-wolf and the wolf; and oh! suffer us to pass thee in soothing rest!

O morn, remove in due time this black, yet visible, overwhelming darkness which at present infolds me, as thou enablist me to remove the cloud of their debts.

Daughter of heaven, I approach thee with praise, as the cow approaches her milker; accept, O night, not the hymn only, but the oblation of thy suppliant, who prays that his foes may be subdued.

The first stanza of the hymn to Na'ra'yena* "represents the sublime attributes of the Supreme Being and the three forms in which they most clearly appear to us—Power, Wisdom, and Goodness, or, in the language of Orpheus and his disciples, Love."

"Spirit of Spirits, who through ev'ry part
Of space expanded, and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of lab'ring thought sublime,
Burstst up from unnumbered spheres of start,
Before heaven was, thou art;
Ere spheres beneath us rolled or spheres above,
Ere earth in formamental ether hung,
Thou satst alone; till, through thy mystic Love,
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descent awoke.
What first impelled thee to exert thy might?
Goodness unlimited! What glorious light
Thy power directed! Wisdom without bound.
What proved it first? Oh, guide my fancy right!
Oh, raise from cumbrous ground
My soul in rapture down'd,
That fearless I may soar on wings of fire;
For thou who only know'st, thou only can inspire!"

* Na'ra'yena, or the Spirit of God moving on the waters.

THE SPIRITS AT MOUNT JOY.

MR. EDITOR:

It is truly to be regretted that the same characteristics are manifested now in opposition to truth as when "Jesus of Nazareth" came on earth with his mission of love and wonder-working power. Then the greatest opposition came from those who ought to have been the first to hail the "Messiah" with joy and gladness, those who had the promise, the prophecies, and lively oracles of God—those "peculiar people"—but no, they were Moses' disciples, and as to "this fellow" (Jesus), they knew not whence he came.

It is always hard to experience the odium of being thrown out of the "synagogue," or despised and vilified by those with whom we have associated in prayer and praise, and for whom we entertained brotherly affection; though we feel that we have not changed our faith nor hope, but, on the contrary, had our faith and hope greatly increased. That there are mysteries in spiritual manifestations which we can not solve is very true, yet what is there in and around us that has not mysteries equally hidden to us, the essence of which is just as hard to comprehend, unless, indeed, it is by spiritual induction and analysis? Then what right have I, or has any one, to condemn another, who, if I am to judge by the fruit, is, in every respect, to say the least, equal to myself? But does self-love blind me, then, perhaps, like a warped glass, I see him contorted and odious. Those "spectacles" perverting vision; oh! that we had more humility! and would lay them aside, and calmly reason and investigate for ourselves, in all charity, perhaps like Judge Edmonds, Tallmadge, Ashburner, and a host of other wise and good men, we would ourselves become wiser and better by so doing.

But vain ambition will make even a General a coward and a traitor to his trust; but honorable men can not help but pity such, and feel regret that such is the state of society. Popularity, popularity! the plaudits of the selfish, by selfish means, exalted—by tampering to the self-love and selfishness of one another, hand striking hand; bargain and sale intrigue and corruption rewarded, and a premium paid to vice and its fearful evils.

I am (unfortunately for popularity and offices of trust with the "loaves and fishes"), fortunately, however, for liberty of thought and freedom of action, and the real soul-inspiring comfort it yields, a believer in spiritual intercourse, though not a medium of any kind that I know of. Though I am not a medium myself, several of my children are; one is an excellent writing medium, though shy of having it known, from the fear that it might effect his standing, or lay him open to suspicion for imposition, or for being weak-minded and credulous.

On the evening of January 25, 1854, after various communications in as many different handwritings, the following was given, which I copy without altering a single word, letter, or syllable:

Tell brother he must serve the Lord with all his soul, and mind, and strength, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Then will he be above

me at death, even where I now am; but there is nothing like good advances while in the body.

This is from your Aunt Elizabeth, whom you never saw—let brother hear of it. Good-night.

My attention was called to it; I recognized the handwriting of a beloved pious sister who took great interest in restraining my wayward youth. She was a few years my senior, and, under God, I feel myself indebted to much good advice and kindly influences from her. Eager to hear more, I inquired, Can we have any further communication. After a pause, the hand wrote: "Get fresh paper; I have much to say." We did so and received the following:

I would like to tell you of how we pass our time here, and of the scenery, but it is impossible; at every footstep new delights, new pleasures spring into view and into existence.

The smile of Jesus comes transmitted to us like the rays of light from a sun or star, visiting many spheres besides our own, distilling joys according to deservements, yet never becoming impoverished.

It is our light, our life, our sunshine. Its presence comes to us like an ethereal essence. Then there is much I would write of, but can not now. I would like to tell you of the manner and style of sounds and symphonies we have, and of the preludes to the songs of Zion that seem to shake the planetary world, and come back in mellow cadence from each remote star.

I must now stop. I would like to say something to my boys, but the world will not receive it (nor is it prepared for it). I will take another method to impress them. Again, good-night.

More than fifteen years ago did that sister leave us. Her boys are in the West; grown up young men. The handwriting was peculiarly her own; the style of writing much better in grammar, orthography, and diction than any of her letters in my possession. Whence came it? Did my son impose upon me, willfully or unwittingly upon us all, by some mental alchemy? No, no! A host of more wonderful and surprising communications were given—some in enigmatical drawings, which we could not decipher until explained by the same or other Spirits; another in my possession is unexplained still, though upon inquiry we received the following respecting it:

"I can not tell the meaning; I think there are to be two more of them; I know, though, who drew it. It was by R. H. Lee." Being asked what Lee? "The signer of the Declaration of Independence." "When can we have the other drawings?" "When he comes back from Europe. He is interested in warlike affairs. He would like to give advice on American policy these latter days. About myself, I was found dead, or died in my room, in Europe. I was known somewhat in the literary world; I died young." A question as to sex arising, after repeatedly stating, the letter a being made in an open running hand—mistaken for no—the hand then wrote plainly, making a capital A, "I am A woman."

Signed,

L. E. LANDON.

For the sake of its novelty, I will copy one more, be its source what it may. The mystery is, none the less; all I know is, that I transcribe faithfully what was given at my own fireside, without a motive to advance or repress the faith in others, simply from a disposition to know for myself, "Can such things be?" After various idle flourishes, we said, Come, why waste time and paper? whatever moves the hand, give us a truthful statement respecting it. It then commenced, and at the end of every word curled the letters backward, very peculiarly, and wrote thus: "I don't know much to tell you that you don't know already." "How do you employ your time?" we inquired. "Well, I employ my time in going about making fun and mischief!"—both of which last words were immediately crossed out, when it continued, "What the *doose* need you know?" "Well, come, be candid," we said.

But (it was continued), I will tell you for all, because I like you. Well, I was in the body engaged in studying *metrolgy*, and hang me if I ain't got a fine chance now. Some meteor took me down to the under-world sphere, as we call it. I saw *H. H.* there, and went around a little with Paine—not Tom Paine, but Robert Treat Paine—he is much above me. It is very diverting to meet all kinds of Spirits in the under-world, for they can nearly all go there; and it is better than a masked ball. From there I sometimes go to the *petee-world*, but I don't go there to study or for pleasure, but to do penance. Often we spend the time here in duties tending to renovate our natures. Then, like students, or stone-hewers in the penitentiary, we have a vacation or cessation from labor. I would like to tell you more, because you did not rebuff me. I was going to use a medium's hand last night at Akron, Ohio, but he repulsed me. Well, he ain't much; an old crusty fellow who keeps all to himself and would like to make money out of us; but won't we draw him on! he! he! he! well we will, we can be *sassy* and repulsive as well as he. Well, he ain't much anyhow—he ain't—that will do.

C. C. PETERSON.

"That I have eyes, judgment, and ordinary capacities, I must believe. I am not ignorant as to the delusions that have or may prevail. I have myself mesmerized and psychologized others, and in private communications performed wonderful things; ample proof of which I have at hand, if questioned; but how these conditions were induced I do not know, only that under certain conditions certain results followed.

Now, while I have a filial fear of God before my eyes—a jealous watchfulness, lest some evil delusion should mislead me—aware that many good and talented men do not believe in any of these things—my calm confidence in God, and zealous efforts to walk justly before man and fearlessly venture upon the promises of Him whom my soul loveth. I must say, that though my faith in the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is not shaken, nor the least desire within me to deviate from his precepts, yet I am just as firmly persuaded that these revelations directly or indirectly come from the Spirit-world, their diversity simply proving that what a man sows that will he also reap. Therefore let me sow to the Spirit and reap the peaceable fruits of righteousness, to which end my prayers to God are fervent, nothing doubting.

VERITAS.

April 27, 1854.

GONE TO THE SPIRIT-LAND.

At Oswego, on Monday, April 17th, Mrs. JULIA A., matrimonial companion of Mr. G. A. Houghton, aged 37 years.

The deceased was a resident of the village of Seneca Falls. Her earthly remains were transferred to the home of her parents at Victor, Ontario County, where they were interred, in the presence of many bereaved and mourning relatives and friends.

Mrs. H. was an actress; had followed the stage for a long series of years, with unusual and gratifying success, and was possessed of many noble, bright, and fascinating qualities of mind. She leaves a vacancy which is felt by all her acquaintances, and a large circle of saddened relatives.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE CAPTIVE.

The following lines (says the correspondent who sends them to us) were written upon the release of a friend from bondage of mind, by Mrs. O. F. Hyzer, as dictated by the Spirit of her father.—Eo.

I saw a beautiful bird,
Of plumage bright and rare,
With sudden eye and drooping wing,
Fast in the fowler's snare.

I watched the captive's fate
From the sad hour it fell,
And still with yearning tenderness
I lingered round its cell.

Yet not a wail or moan
Ever reached my listening ear,
For by its cruel captor's side
It nestled down in fear.

And if a radiant beam
Lit up its drooping eye,
As though its inmost spirit felt
A yearning for the sky—

It met the tyrant's gaze,
And sadly looked around,
As though its lonely cell became
Still darker from his frown.

I heard the keeper's voice
Bid it to seek no more
For freedom, but to crush each wish
Beyond its cell to soar.

I turned away in grief,
Feeling how vain would be
A thought or wish of mine to set
The beautiful captive free—

When lo! this soft, sweet strain
Fell on my listening ear—
"Be glad, wanderer from thy native home,
Why dost thou linger here?"

"Think'st thou that I who gav'st
To thee those pinions bright,
And placed within thy panting breast
Such yearning for the light—

"Who formed thee with such power
To wing the balmy air—
Wouldst wish thee, loved one, here to dwell
In darkness and despair?"

"Warble one note to me
That thou would'st wing thy flight
From thralldom, and I'll bear thee hence
To endless scenes of light."

"Thy drooping pinions then
Shall leave in golden seas,
And drink in draughts of purest joy
From every passing breeze."

"Upward thou still shalt soar
Where endless anthems roll,
Still gleaming from eternal truths
The birth-right of thy soul."

I turned: the captive's ear
Had caught the thrilling strain,
For now 'twas struggling fearfully
To break the captor's chain.

The tyrant shrunk with dread
From that bright angel's gaze,
But frowningly his prisoner bade
No welcome note to raise.

"By every fear of doom,
Or hope of Heaven so dear,
Breathe forth," he said, "no signal tone
To bring that herald here!"

The bird a moment gazed
Upon its fearful chain,
Then, darting from its captor's side,
Warbled a plaintive strain.

Quick as the lightning's flash,
The tyrant powerless lay,
The angel and his lovely charge,
Scared on their heavenly way.

Montpelier, Vt., April, 1854.

THE DIAL ALPHABET.

In answer to frequent inquiries about the principle on which this instrument operates, its size, mode of its transportation, if used only by tipping mediums, etc., I would say, this is not a magnetic machine, as supposed by many, nor has it any power of action in itself any more than there was in the pen held by the hand of the prophets of old as they were moved to write by an invisible agency, or the pen in the hand of mediums at this day when moved to write in the same way, or in the piano, guitar, and other instruments of music, which are now frequently played upon by Spirits without any visible mortal agency. The dimensions of the instrument are only eight inches square, average thickness two inches, which makes only a small package, and can be sent by express to any part of the United States for a small sum. The face of the instrument is similar to a clock dial; a pointer is attached to the center wheel pivot; on this dial is printed, with a beautiful copper-plate engraving, the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, all the notes and characters in music, the Arabic numerals, and a number of short communications, such as "yes," "no," "don't know," "I think so," "a mistake," "I'll speak it over," "a message," "done," "I'll come again," "I must leave," "good-bye," etc., which may thus be given without repeating the whole alphabet to get one letter. When a more complicated message is to be given, the Spirits point directly to the letters in rapid succession, and in this way the process of communication is greatly facilitated. In like manner, also, notes in music are indicated and pieces composed. This instrument was designed for tipping mediums, but is now used by rapping mediums, who hold it in their hands; the pointer being passed over the letters they wish to use, the Spirits rap instead of holding it over the letter, as is the case when the instrument is used by tipping mediums. Printed instructions always accompany the instrument, which are so full and explicit that no one need have any difficulty in using it. For terms see advertisement in another column of this paper.

ISAAC T. PRASE.

THE DOG AND THE CHILD.

On Saturday evening last, a police officer in Dublin found a male infant child left deserted on the hall-door steps of a house in Dominick Street. His attention, he said, was attracted by observing something lying on a heap before the doorway, and on approaching nearer he became witness to a curious sight indeed. There lay on the doorway a fine infant, evidently asleep, with nothing but the head visible, the remainder of the child's body being covered by a beautiful spotted dog of rather large size. The dog had so disposed himself as to protect the infant completely from the night air, which was then at a freezing temperature. The animal had regularly coiled himself half around the child, so as to impart warmth and protect the helpless infant from the bitter air. When the police constable lifted the infant, the dog still continued watching his every movement; and when, finally, the child was conveyed to the station house, and given in charge to a careful nurse, the poor animal could not be got away, and accompanied the nurse to her lodgings, and remained all night watching the child in its cradle, occasionally looking up and licking the child's face. The nurse with the child in her arms came before the bench. The dog was also in attendance,

having never left the side of the infant since they were both first discovered by the policeman. Nothing at the time could be discovered about the mother of the child, and the only clue to its parentage was a slip of paper which was found pinned to the bosom of its dress, stating its name, and declaring it to have been born in Manchester on the 5th of January last. However, subsequently in the day, the mother of the infant surrendered herself to the police, and was brought before the bench. She stated that she left the infant exposed, with the expectation that its father or his friends would take charge of it on seeing the note she had affixed to its dress. She said she afterward got frightened and uneasy, and came to take it away; but on hearing that the child was in the hands of the police, she determined to give herself up as the mother. On the woman's promising to take care of the child, the magistrate ordered it to be restored to her. It was evident that she had previously taken good care of the infant, which was comfortably and neatly clothed, and in good health. The poor girl received her infant with thankfulness, and quitted the office; and the affectionate dog was quietly following, when, to his evident annoyance, he was made a prisoner of by the police, and brought off to lively until claimed. The mother of the child had never seen the animal, which did not recognize her, and there seems no way of accounting for the very fortunate attachment evinced by the dog for the deserted child.—*English Paper.*

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—One of the greatest discoveries of our day, says a scientific paper, is that made by Claude Bernard, of the constant formation of sugar in the liver of animals. Feed an animal how you will—with food containing saccharine matters, and with food containing no trace of them—you always find the animal has, from the blood, formed sugar for itself. This sugar, which is secreted by the liver, is like all secretions, under the influence of the nervous system; you have only to cut what are called the pneumogastric nerves, and in a few hours all the sugar vanishes. The amount of sugar thus formed in every healthy animal may be increased by certain influences, and then it gives rise to, or is the indication of, various diseases. In one disease the quantity is so great that M. Thénard extracted 16 kilograms of sugar (something like thirty pounds) from the secretion of one patient! Real sugar, too, and of irreproachable taste, according to Boussingault, who tasted it. But now attend to this: what Nature does in disease, man can do in the terrible theater of experiment. Claude Bernard has proved that there is a very small region of the spinal column (by anatomists styled the *medulla oblongata*), the wounding of which (between the origin of the pneumogastric and acoustic nerves) provokes this increased secretion of sugar, and if with a sharp instrument you wound a dog or rabbit in this place, you will find that in a little while sugar has accumulated to an immense extent in the blood and other liquids.

A Western editor says, "A child was run over by a wagon three years old, cross-eyed, with pantalets on, which never spoke afterward."

Farmer's Department.

USE OF SPECIAL MANURES.

BY H. C. VAIL.

Perhaps at no period of time has there been such universal inquiry into the use and the advantages of special manuring, as at present.

Farmers are beginning to understand that the crops of the farm are formed from various substances assimilated from the soil, and the atmosphere; that the composition of each averages the same under all circumstances; that is, the amount of ash left upon incineration and its composition is constant, and not, as formerly supposed, the result of mere accident. Hence the soil must contain certain ingredients required by the crop to be grown. If any one of these be totally absent, the desired result can not be produced.

The manures accumulated about stables, the result of the decomposition of refuse materials, and the excrement of cattle, are due to the crops of the farm; by returning them to the soil, greater results will be produced than upon the soil simple. There are many, indeed, a large class of men, who do not view any substance as manure, except such as are to be found in the barn-yard. It is true, farm-manures contain all those substances required to form plants, but do they exist in the relative proportions required by the crop to be grown? This question should be fully answered by every farmer before he proceeds with his operations.

There are chemical analyses of all cultivated crops, and calculations, based on these, of the amount each crop removes from an acre of land. By procuring a thorough analysis of the soil, it becomes an easy task to ascertain whether it is in proper condition. When such an analysis shows the soil to be replete with all the constituents of plants, it is said to be in balance.

Upon examining the analyses of a great number of soils, we discover that the leading deficiencies were phosphoric acid, potash, soda, etc., and that they required special amendments to render them capable of bearing full crops. "But," says the advocate for barn-yard manures, "you just said that all these substances exist in stable manures." That is very true; but suppose you have a soil deficient in phosphate of lime, more of this material may be added in the form of soluble super-phosphate of lime for five dollars, than can be furnished by the use of ordinary manures for five times that amount. So of potash, soda, etc.

The term manures is applied to all substances which, when added to the soil, will cause it to yield an increased amount, either by administering directly as food to plants, or by so preparing the soil mechanically as to permit the more free development of roots and circulation of the atmosphere, or by acting upon particles of soil liberating food for growing vegetation.

By special manures are understood such materials as are applied to place the soil in perfect chemical balance, or fit it for producing some particular crop.

A soil may be fully charged with all those substances that go to form the ash (inorganic) portion of plants; but from the absence of AMMONIA, or of the carbon necessary to absorb ammonia from the atmosphere, it will be unable to produce a remunerative crop. The application of a special manure containing ammonia in a non-volatile state, would be the proper corrective. There is scarcely a crop to which ammonia may not be applied with profit. Those who pursue High Farming are anxious to obtain it in any form, so well do they appreciate its value.

It should be distinctly understood that the ash of plants is derived exclusively from the soil, while the great mass of the plant, that portion which passes off into the atmosphere, upon its destruction, as carbonic acid, moisture, and ammonia, is again formed into plants, either by being absorbed by the leaves directly, from the atmosphere, or passing into the plant, in solution, or in the gaseous form, through the roots. The latter is in part derived from the atmosphere and water circulating through the soil, and from the results of roots and other vegetable matter undergoing decomposition.

Carbonic acid is ever present in the atmosphere in large quantities, and is the source of the carbon or charcoal of plants, being decomposed in the leaves and surfaces of plants, the carbon fixed, and the oxygen thrown off.

Ammonia is also present in the atmosphere, but in small quantities. It is the chief source of the nitrogen of plants, hence the necessity of its presence in soils. Those portions which exist in the air are continually being washed down by dews and rains, and when in solution enter the roots of plants. In soils properly charged with carbon (charcoal) and ammonia (base of clay), and if in addition they be well disintegrated, a sufficient amount of ammonia may be received and retained to answer the purposes of fair crops.

In ordinary soils carbon and ammonia do not exist in large quantities, and therefore enough ammonia will not be stored up to produce maximum results; hence the necessity of adding manures containing ammonia, for it not only acts as direct food in furnishing the nitrogen to plants, but also as a stimulant, causing larger quantities of inorganic (ashy or mineral) substances to be taken up, and thus accelerating their growth.

To prove the position taken above, select two strips of grass of equal size; to one apply a dilute solution of ammonia, to the other an amount of water equal to that applied to the first, but which has just been drawn from a well or spring (not rain water), and which contains no ammonia. The result will be, that the ammoniated portion will grow more luxuriantly and be possessed of a richer green color and broader leaves, giving a heavier crop than the second piece.

During the present spring, the demand for special manures has been unparalleled, and although the market was well stocked with guano, super-phosphate of lime, nitrates of potash and soda, and other compounds, yet it may be safely said that the supply was only exceeded by

demand, many farmers being compelled to plant corn and drill crops, such as carrots and other roots, without a full quantum of manures.

To such, we would say that it is not too late to make applications of soluble manures. If a crop is found to be sluggish in its growth, leaves of a pale yellow color, or show other evidences of a want of luxuriance, it may be forced forward by using a good poultice; by the application of guano composted with ten times its bulk of fine charcoal dust, or soil wetted slightly with dilute sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol). This application of sulphuric acid will change the carbonate of ammonia in the guano, which is readily lost in the air, into sulphate of ammonia, a fixed compound which is soluble, and not injurious to plants.

Ifen manure, which has been properly cared for and composted the same as the guano, is also an excellent application.

With us, MARSH'S IMPROVED SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME has proved superior to any named above. There are similar compounds in market of which we have no knowledge from trial.

Any of the above manures may be applied to corn about the hill at the first hoeing, or if a plow be used, place the manure in the furrow thrown from the hill, and return the soil. So situated, the manures will be readily dissolved, coming within the immediate range of young roots; as they extend, it will be gradually disseminated through the soil.

For drill crops use from three to six hundred pounds of any one of the materials spoken of above, spreading it broadcast (after being composted as there directed), and covering it immediately by the use of the cultivator, horse, or land hoe. The crops to which these applications are made, under proper conditions, will prove entirely superior both in quantity and quality.

It is impossible at present to go farther, but we hope at some future time to lay the subject at length before our readers, being entirely convinced that the farmer should adopt any means by which the amount of produce may be increased, or, in other words, by which raw material added to the soil in the shape of special or general manures at low cost, may be worked up into articles commanding high prices.

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